

VIDEOMANIA!

Speaking of titles..... Ever since John Boesper hit it big with the sensationally titled **TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE**, makers of low-budget movie producers have tasked the audience drawing word, **MASSACRE**, to their usually inferior product.

In the past 7 years or so, this videomaniac has been lured to the screen (and parted with his \$\$\$) in the anticipation of seeing another savage classic. Let's meet 'em back

there was the **HOLLYWOOD KIDNAPER MASSACRE** (I saw it as only the **WATCHTOWER MASSACRE**, and saw the introduction with Christopher Lee I always read about) where a van of brutal ruffians attack and murder an upper class family. The catch is, the dad doesn't die and he escapes revenge seeking demons from his conscience body to exact (what else?) his revenge!

Two lessons were learned from the release of the critically acclaimed, but box office dud, **MASSACRE AT CENTRAL HIGH**: a) to be effective, the word **MASSACRE** must be used at the end of the title, and b) never title an **ANIMAL FARM** like parable about greed, pushed around highschoolers who rally behind David, murderer of the local highschool bullies, then become dictatorial words with **MASSACRE**.

Barbi Benton played the stalker in the **HOSPITAL MASSACRE**. Watch in awe as she hides behind a room divider, leaving her shapely legs exposed, and the stalker not noticing. Watch in awe as she exposes her breasts.

Jackie Vernon plays a droll cannibal-construction worker in the **WISCONSIN MASSACRE**. Being a burger 'n' fries haven't carried to a flighty old butt who serves nothing but gourmet cuisine for dinner to what drives Jackie insane. He chaps up his spouse, fractures her femur, and makes white bread sandwiches out of her parts. It's actually a semi-gory wacky spoof.

Blood soaked T and A best describes 1982's **SLIMES PART MASSACRE**. Hard core feminist - men being leeches - best selling author, Rita Mae Brown even outraged her sisters in **Women Against Pornography** with her gore filled, sexist script. It's supposed to be a satire; it's not, maybe a female slashor setting only men would be, but then Rita wouldn't have been able to see all that jiggle on the set! title and now being attacked by a maternal phallic symbol, but I think the phallic drillor-biller there is more a manifestation of her fears of heterosexual intercourse.



Actually, Canada's
TOWN FOR HELL (1976)

All things considered, the one of the better slasher flicks made.

The list goes on. For drive-in

buffs, there's the **DRIVE-IN MASSACRE**. Wrote, directed both on and off the screen. Think of it as doubling your money. John Russo's thirty-year-old **WINDYBENT** is currently making the rounds across the nation's grind houses as **THE BACKWOODS MASSACRE**. He

congressional wife, Rita Jettette, stars in the yet to reach Columbus, where is the yet to reach **ISLAND MASSACRE**. Word has it that **THE LONG ISLAND CARNIVAL MASSACRE** lives up to its title.

The following reviews reprinted from a **MASSACRE** read on my local video store.

Other great ones for a weekend. And every day.

The SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE



THE ULTIMATE DRILLER KILLER THRILLER!

THE MOST DEVOTE

THE NAKED MASSACRE

Directed by: Dennis Berous
Starring: Matthew Carriere
Carol Laurie

Belfast Northern Ireland. A bomb explodes during same. A dead town's eyes blink a last blink. "Violence isn't God's way," claims a drunk.

Enter roadie, Chris Shannon. A man in search of an answer. He pulls a knife on an inn keeper for a cigarette light. He speaks of his dead sister, "I only know one brother who was a human being," as threat. The ex-victims frontliner shares a common room with a Viet.

"What did I rent, a slow moving anti-violence, propaganda, pseudo-documentary?" I ask myself, rubbing my eyes. Far from it. Is that a better title for this unsettling real-life ripoff could be **RICHARD SPECK IN BELFAST**.

Matthew Carriere plays Cain/Richard as an off-balanced but likable kind of guy. He bumps into a nurse's home during a party, but only elicits sympathy as he asks for food, then reminiscences about his unhappy family life. He needs money to go home.

He waits then when Cain's mind snaps and he traps the 7 nurses in the house. He denounces Tyde, personally exposes himself as he exposes his torn far left tattoo. His deep seated problem turns out to

be that his wife got pregnant by Jimmy-Ray while he was in the jungle, protecting his country.

At this point, **NAKED MASSACRE** changes its tone from a passive anti-war narrative to an utterly depraved, violent gore flick. Within the parameters set by Richard Speck: eight nurses being trapped; seven nurses being died and one surviving under the bed to tell the tale, the following happens.

Pretty Amy is strangled after biting Cain's lip while crudely being raped.

Cain makes the busty Jenny and Christine perform sex acts while whipping them. Hard to watch; grim indeed.

In a cinematic sense the remaining gals deserve to die because of how they just lay submissively on the livingroom floor while their friends scream bloody murder in the other room. I'm screaming in my head, "Get out you idiots!"

One by one the nurses are dragged into the meat room and are tortured UNTIL dead. The slaughter rears its end when, unsuspectingly, two more nurses come home (a dormitory for nurses?) and "Gid" takes, wacked out of her head, strikes up a domestic relationship with the equally wacked out Cain. She even claims these murders to be "worse than" the similar Speck slayings. Franchise builds until the couple decide to commit suicide. Cain's tattoo, it turns out, predicts his future. Fortunately, one nurse survives under the bed.

THE REPORT

KEVIN SMITH'S MASHMASH (1977)

Directed by: Constantine S. Goble
Produced by: Trostberg Shelden
Written by: William Yarnick

"Free out of the darkness, the hand of the redeemer" appears to punish those who have sinned. Sound familiar. SEE - "DEATH" Very. Heavy with religious overtones, a kid comes out of a lake to make a dreamer grow two thumbs and to supposedly guide this film's stalker into committing a series of passes gone murders. Pure nonsense throughout.

Complete with Halloween style music, a minister raves about "sacred silence." Fat in their "successes," who will soon return for a mysterious class reunion.

Cut to a stalker's hand getting out (and this introducing tonight's murder scene) pictures of highschool seniors from a yearbook.

The cast: Roger, an actor
Gid Jane
Lewyer John
Kristen the lesbian
Fat Terry, and
The Sexual Cindy

Now I gotta admit, I disrespect lawyers as the money-grubbers that they are. Not only do they give horror movies a bad name with their



Lawrence FRIDAY THE 13th ripoffs. (the worst ever, GIRLS WITH CUT, was shot near Columbus by a couple of scheming legends) they are without a doubt the most unimaginative "movie-makers" around. I had to laugh when I read in FANGORIA that lawyer Buddy Cooper took two weeks of film courses, then declared that his inept, unoriginal THE UTILITATOR (a showcase of badly photographed, mutilated disfigurements, just recently released on video in its unratified form) had a real "film noir" look. Lawyer figure that if they have:

...and that was only the Beginning



- a) A WOMAN SITTING
- b) A PROMISCUOUS REUNION
- c) A MAN YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW
(always the old guy who warns
the group of impending doom)
- d) A LATENT PSYCHO (ready to bloom)
- e) A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF TOOLS
- f) A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF TOOLS

they can make a movie. They can and they do, much to the chagrin of me and my wallet.

Anyway, these ex-classmates get together for a very suspicious reunion (they're the only ones), get stalked by a human possessed and die. The kid (The Jenson) walks back into the lake to lie in wait until another reunion is assembled. You won't be sorry if you miss it, in fact, you may be glad!

THE WEIRD ONE

THE MINDI-GRAS MASSACRE
Written, Directed and Produced By:
Jack Weis
Starring: Curt Dawson
Owen Arment

New Orleans. A bunch of Johns gab in a seedy bar. Two prostitutes enter followed by a newscooper who walks in and catches the attention of the patroness because of his bizarre attitude. Tearing some hookers, he asks, "Who is your evil?" They instantly reply, "Shirley!" Hastily, he approaches Shirley to confirm if she is indeed the most evil. For "\$200," she guesses, she will be. Plans are made for the night.

"You is my lucky number," ironically says the poor rich whore, in reference of the hotel room number she and Mr. Bismarro have just rented for the night. "You must have noticed by now I's very different." He intones as he implores Shirley to lay down on "this bed." She does and he ties her up. "Maybe," she purrs, "I should pay YOU for this."

But enough is enough. Because she is "One of THEIR kind," he sacrifices her for the sake of SOCIETY, that Ateco God last chronicled for us by Larry Cohen in Q. In a feminist nightmare he rips out her heart.

The cops investigate. It must ritualistic, they figure because, "it's sacrificial." They question Sam about Shirley's murder. But Sam can only weep, (this questioning is) bad for business. The only clue: A huge eight ring on the weird guy. Back to a nightclub. Safe

dancing. The Ateco Priest is stalking another dancer. He's looking for another girl who is "very evil." "Honey, I'm as evil as you can get," is the last boast from a soon to be sacrificed hooker.

Like NAKED MASSACRE, there is no sympathy for the death-bound whores because they are so stupid. They walk right into (even willingly) the sadman's trap. Ventilation continues as he cuts her hand (the one with which she accepts her comfort fee) her foot and plucks her heart out.

In the meantime, Marge (of New Orleans Vice) falls in love with a hooker and Dr. Lewis (Marshall?) is called upon to express his opinion. "They must be stopped immediately," of the human sacrifices. Easy is victim #3 after a chinese meal. This movie has a very odd feel to it.

Anyway, the mardi-gras is a few days away and the heat is on the police. With no leads and someone making "deathbells out of hookers," a cop, hopeful for a break and feeling confident, states, "3 [murders]

BRAIN SPLATTERING!

DRIVE-IN MASSACRE



Filmed entirely in
blood curdling GORE-COLOR

STARRING JAKE BARNES & ADAM LAWRENCE

DRIVE-IN MASSACRE

Starring JAKE BARNES-ADAM LAWRENCE
and DOUGLAS GUDBYE as GERMANY

Screenplay by JOHN GOFF and BUCK FLOWER
Produced and Directed by STUART SEGALL

WARNING!!!

THIS FILM CONTAINS MATERIAL THAT IS
EXPLICITLY DESIGNED TO BE
OFFENSIVE TO SOME AUDIENCES.
PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
That Some Children May Find
Certain Material Excessively
Graphic.

seems to be the main motive," it
but, surprisingly, the selfish killer
stalks the next victim during
daylight hours, wearing a gaudy
florid mask and brandishing a huge
knife. The even more selfish cops
can't find him!

To restore a prostitute's dam in
search of a new body and flesh,
Germy's girlfriend on sale. Later,
after watching him enter and kill
her girlfriend, Germy's accomplice
flees to escape his partner's
fistful of blood. On his way out, he
finds that the doctor's hanged. A
pistol roars. The cops over in
"How do I like a fish in a barrel
and I've got him." But the cop car
immediately crashes into the
barber. Only the golden rule can be
found.

Given the gore suffers not
against an other macabre film.
This movie appears to be a cheap
bargain to \$2000. I've seen
worse.

THE GORE-GORE

DRIVE-IN MASSACRE
Like like (1968)

Starring: William Dear

Thomas Gorb

The only surprise of this rural
killer film is the richest blood
there was, "Blood in Mud,"
Killer that, there's not such to
remember.

A Detroit motorcycle gang beats
the streets. Germy, they describe
himself as "Germ, 1941, 1941." He
back when a truck and 2 was
bracket only cost \$1.75. This
feature production features
especially bad photography and
plotting. A lot of bloodshed
and a lot of violence. In an
early sign of cinematic conservatism,
Germy, a blackhead, projected
cop killer the rape of his daughter
on the street street, not
knowing that in reality, Germy,
a fellow cop was the victim. The
victim's blood then goes! They
wear sweaters, those shirts, and
even drink blood beer!

Add to some more, an
accidental good line, "Germy has
the wild hair," a well placed
a star, a better scene, and a
twist, the beautifully good killers
turning bad, and you have such a
great ending. If there's an ending
to this, I missed it.

CAMERON MITCHELL IN

viking massacre

Response to the free offer of VM was very good, if you care to know. Thanks to all who responded to the offer. Double thanks to all the new subscribers.

Craig Ledbetter's Hi-Tech Terror #6 is out and is quite informative. Dealing with horror and science fiction, the 'zine features a steady diet of mini-reviews and news of future cassette releases. Write him at 1 Yorkshire Court, Richardson, Tx. 75081.

Cecil Doyle of 108 Lana Dr., Lafayette, Louisiana 70503, writes and edits the very impressive, BOOM. With only one issue out and indefinite plans for more, its eclectic nature caters to "lowbrow entertainment." Until then, hopefully we can read Cecil's opinions in future issues of VM.

Next issue: Christmas
Slashing!

THE BIG NEWS: In February, Trans World is releasing 3 obscure Herschell Gordon Lewis films. Look for SOMETHING WEIRD, THE PSYCHIC, and THIS STUFF WILL KILL YOU, starring the great character actor, Jeffery (Mayor Buchanan) Allen.

Those pious Catholics just deemed A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2 morally offensive, so they've rated it "0".
Hollywood movies, to me are

basically useless, but I found it quite interesting to learn, that for political reason's, bootleg copies (in the Mid-East) of RAMBO have a changed storyling. It seems that Vietnam is replaced by World War II.

Finally: London, England is bucking a trend, and is opening its first ever drive-in. Unfortunately, they plan on playing Hollywood fare.

New title: HOWLING

II...YOUR SISTER IS A WEREWOLF.

Ascot Entertainment Group has just formed for the purpose of making horror/exploitation flicks. Future projects by Ascot leader, Joe Wolf (credits include work on: HELL NIGHT, MADE TO BLACK, A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET) are PICTURE ME DEADLY, GIRL'S NIGHT OUT (another one?) ZOMBIES IN THE ATTIC, and THE LAST CRUCKER."

Predictions abound concerning the deaths of video companies who handle nothing but horror/gore/teenage exploitation films. But with the glut already on the market and companies like Ascot just now forming, I wouldn't worry. Finally, look for a quick video release of the RE-ANIMATOR. Even though critically accepted, newspapers like the LA TIMES are refusing to run ads because its unrated status.

MR. Wier (10/19)

review by: BROSSE and SCHRAIBER

Produced, written and directed by:
KIMMOT AVERILS

Dr. Carol Evans:	My Williams
Gus Nelson:	William Smith
Brian Thomas:	Buddy Boone
Sheriff Frank:	Ally Moore

This terribly, yet unintentionally funny story in the life of Dr. Carol Evans, played by once soft core, now hard core exploitation star My Williams in a must see for those who appreciate inept drama as well as My's bosom-barely every scene is filmed in top-cast's seriousness due to non-existent direction, unpleasant comic relief is found throughout the film.

The opening song, THE DARK SIDE OF LOVE, (written by "Academy Award Winner," Sammy Fain and Paul Francis Webster) sets the pace and tone for the rest of the film. My's

Getting to specifics, the film is less than two minutes old before My shows off her ample flesh in a bedroom scene with desirable exploitation star William Smith. Gus is My's lover who wants either My's hand in marriage, or half of the insurance money she received when her rich old man kicked the bucket in an industrial accident.

From this point on, Dr. Wier takes plenty of strange and illogical twists. It never misses an opportunity to show off Buss' Myer's ex-wife, lustily clad in ultra revealing wardrobe supplied by the Palladium of Hollywood.

Introducing a natural, watch closely and you will see My's kindly staring off camera, reading her own cards, then waiting at her fellow actors only after she has



HER BEDSIDE MANNER MAKES
MORE THAN YOUR TEMPERATURE RISE!



SHE'S A KISS—WATCH HER OPERATE

read her lines.

The dialogue is equally terse and is good for plenty of laughs. At one point Dr. Edy invites Boone over for dinner and an injection. When the young Brian arrives with flowers, Edy remarks, "It's not often that a doctor gets flowers from her patients."

While in the kitchen showing off her cooking skills, Boone drops his drawers for him shot. Twenty CC's later, she smacks him on the cheeks and offers him a glass of champagne. Later in the evening, Edy takes Boone for a goodnight kiss. Not even aroused by her plunging see-through blouse, the naive Boone hesitantly complies. Incredulously, Edy confesses, "I didn't expect that."

To add zing to the opera, Boone's best friend David, played by Harvey Jason, is jealous of Boone's relationship with Edy. He claims that Edy killed her husband, and that she has sinister plans for

him. Plotzoffs crows and Clint Eastwood style sound effects keep even after the credits connect.

Smith, spurred by Edy, decides to blackmail her for the money that he needs to start his own construction firm. He admits to the handsome Doc that he killed her husband and god! It took like an accident. Gus' confession is overheard by an eaves dropping Brian, but then, Gus claims to have a tape of Edy, in which she incriminated herself in the murder. A date is made to prove the tape reliable.

Gus and Brian drive to Gus' house. Once inside, who detects an obviously doctored tape, and refuses to go along with the real contractor's plan. One thing leads to another, and Gus ends up pinned down, shot by Boone. Edy finds the master tape that was altered, but immediately destroys it in the fireplace. Realizing that she has destroyed her only proof of innocence, she decides to get rid

of Gus' body.

Enter Alvy Moore as sheriff Frank. His suspicion is aroused when he finds Gus' door ajar. In a scene highly reminiscent of GREEN SLICK, Moore, a typical actor, throws his shoulders back, clicks his heels and in his best Mack Sennett, asks, "Mr. Dolan, Mr. Toland?"

Frank wonders to Dr. Minx's home for some questions, but is only confused when she inexplicably exposes her massive cleavage to the awestruck flatfoot. Sure that the sheriff is on their trail, Edy and Brian decide to dispose of Smith's body.

What better place than her backyard, where a conveniently placed shovel and pick await the would be gravediggers. Willness, very amusing while trying to dig in high heels, is unwittingly witnessed by Jason.

Frank, Edy and Boone must unearth the body and move it to another location. The two day old corpse is still limp as a wet noodle as Matt and Brian find a new location which is less obvious.

With a surprise ending that leaves more loose ends than it attempted to answer, this is one film worth seeing, if only for the pure unadulterated absurdity of the whole thing.

Thanks to Tom Reese, faithful drive-in cohort for the Dr. Minx review.

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for 20 issues.